

In Memoriam.

✧ MRS.
✧ ✧ ISABELLA
✧ ✧ ✧ WHITTEN
✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ CLARKE
✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ BOYDEN.

THE FORTY-THIRD CONVENTION
OF THE
BRIDGEWATER NORMAL ASSOCIATION
IN THE
ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING,

JUNE 24, 1896.

Memorial Exercises.
Mrs. Isabella W. C. Boyden.



"I should like to live a little longer to help you, but His way seems best." *I. W. C. B.*

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."
Mary Riley Smith.

After the address to the Association by Miss Sarah L. Arnold of the Boston Board of Supervisors, the following service was held, Miss Mary H. Leonard the President of the Association presiding.

Rev. E. S. Porter of Bridgewater, pastor of the deceased, opened the service with prayer.

The President said, It seems peculiarly appropriate that we should on this occasion turn our thought to the memory of one who has been so long and so closely identified with this school and who has always given us such cordial welcome as we came to visit our Alma Mater. A few of those who have long known Mrs. Boyden have been invited to speak of her, I will first call upon Mrs. Ellen Fisher Adams of Cambridge. Mrs. Adams spoke as follows :

Dear Friends: We have gathered here this morning to spend an hour in memory of our old friend, Mrs. Boyden. The stream of time has borne us past those days when with sweetly smiling face and ready hand she welcomed us to Alma Mater, dear alike to her and to us. The tear cannot but lie very close to the smile with which we greet today those whose lives have been bound in the same sheaf with Mrs. Boyden's. But it is a sorrow full of hope, full of inspiration even, and this hour, if it have its full use, will send us back to our everyday work more patient with the present, fuller of courage for the future. I should be glad if the exercises of this hour might be as simple, as direct, and as sympathetic as was all that characterized our friend. No formal word spoken but one friendly voice saying, "I loved and valued her for this," the strain taken up by another with "and I loved her for this,"

My own acquaintance with Mrs. Boyden, began when I came here as a student. Writing to one who knew of her youth I had the following reply.

"Isabella Whitten Clarke Boyden was born in East Newport, Maine, September 9, 1825 and on October 1, 1895 she passed to her rest at the age of 70 years, 22 days. Her father was Thomas Clarke, a native of Wales, Maine, and a farmer. Her mother was Martha Louisa Whitten, a native of Alfred, Maine. Mrs. Boyden was the fourth in a family of eight children. She was delicate in her childhood and was much with her mother, who was a woman of remarkable excellence of character, and whom the daughter resembled in many respects. She inherited from this excellent mother the brightness and companionability by which she won the hearts of those who knew her. She was carefully taught by her mother in all those things which pertain to womanly character. To her she was indebted for strong early religious impressions.

"In the quiet home on the farm, with brothers and sisters in the companionship of her mother, often in the fields with her father, and in communion with the visible forms of nature, she spent the years of her childhood and youth. Here was kindled her love for the beauties of nature which was so prominent an element of her thought and feeling through all her life. She entered into the bursting life of the joyous springtime, she saw the swelling buds, the opening leaves, the fragrant apple blossoms. She picked the delicate blue violet and the buttercup amid the green grass. She breathed the invigorating odor of the newly turned furrow, saw the sowing of the seed, the growing plants, smelled the sweet clover of the hayfield, gazed upon the fields of waving grain, joined in gathering in the sheaves and in husking the golden ears of corn. She observed with eager interest the young animals growing with her as the years sped on, their frolicsome moods, their habits, and their uses. She shared in the merry sports of her brothers and sisters in

the joyous spring and summer time, in the golden autumn, and in the long winter evenings. Thus through all the long round of the seasons her young mind was gathering ideas from the book of nature which awakened new emotions; her quick imagination was forming bright ideals. The girl was forming those habits of thought, feeling and action, of reverence for God, of love for his works, of affectionate obedience to her parents, of regard for others, which became the outlines of character in the future woman.

"She attended the district school in the short terms of the summer and winter, and at the age of seventeen began to teach in the district school of the neighboring town. She had marked success from the beginning of her efforts as a teacher. She continued to teach in summer and winter, extending her preparation by attending the Academy in the fall and spring.

"On August 2, 1848 at the age of twenty-three she entered the State Normal School at Bridgewater. She stood in the front rank in this school, taking advanced studies in addition to the regular course. After her graduation she was a teacher of marked ability in Westerly, R. I., in Hingham, Mass., and in Wheaton Female Seminary, Norton, Mass.

"She married her classmate, Albert G. Boyden, in November 1851, who was then assistant teacher in the Bridgewater Normal School.

"She was a student as long as she lived, she studied much in connection with the Normal School. She was a thoughtful reader, an easy and effective writer.

"She taught her sons until they went from her tuition into the upper grades of the grammar school, and she taught them in part in their studies for college.

"In the last decade of her life she had several ladies as students in the western states whom she taught by correspondence in courses of History and Literature."

So writes the friend who knew her well, dwelling particularly upon her early training in her country home. My own acquaintance was much later, when I was a student at Bridgewater when we "boarded round" and when our only "official" connection with Mrs. Boyden was in the Friday evening sociables, when with great kindness and sympathy she received the new and often homesick recruits of the Normal school. Though not brought into the closer relation which she afterward held with pupils in the Normal Hall, we yet feel that she knew us individually and was interested in our special sorrows and triumphs, I think in this trait of sympathetic insight I have rarely seen Mrs. Boyden's equal. She had a keen eye, ready judgment, she could not for the life of her help recognizing a spade as a spade, but in her kindliness of heart she could feel all of the *reasons* why it was a rude and not a polished instrument. And her personality, how interesting it was! The quick wit, the merry laugh, the sparkling face, how attractive, but we loved her not only for this but because she knew how to encourage us when we desponded, how to quicken our ambition, how to praise our efforts. And this interest in us extended far beyond our school life. She welcomed us back as to a home. Her faithful letters sought us far and near. The width of a continent could not divide us from her constant friendship nor the vast ocean. Surely it was a very faithful heart that followed so many of us in our different careers.

There is much concerning Mrs. Boyden that I hope we shall hear from others. Let me mention two things that always impressed me very strongly. One was her constant aspiration for women and her belief in their powers of heart and mind. Though she had a peculiar reverence for the relation of marriage and for the life of the teacher she by no means confined her belief in woman's work to these two spheres. She believed woman had not only the right to do whatever she could, but she wanted for her the rewards of her labor. She was impa-

tient with all hindrance to study and development, impatient of the conservatism and conventionalism which forbade to woman the free play of heart and mind. I think she was not desirous to see women as a whole mix largely in political life, but I think even here special fitness for public duties would have won her sympathy and admiration.

And the other feature of her character that I always felt was her deep reverence for the nature and possibilities of the little child. This must have been at the bottom of her unusual success as a teacher. It must always lie, must it not? at the root of all success in training the young. I have always felt that nothing could be finer than Bridgewater's view of the relation between teacher and pupil, but Mrs. Boyden, perhaps, added one more grace in the *motherliness* which came to her by nature and experience. With her the *mother* was, of all others, the blessed and privileged being, and but little less so was the teacher who carried on the development of the child in its later stage. I, myself, both as teacher and as mother have been stirred and stimulated by Mrs. Boyden. I do not doubt that the noble work of our beloved Mr. Boyden owes much to the inspiration of his devoted wife.

Mrs. Boyden's life seems to me one of those happy ones of which it is not easy to write a history. She was the centre of a happy home, she was instrumental in furthering the work that she loved, she felt her life guided and sustained by a loving Providence, and she went forward into the life beyond with serene confidence. She has left a memory dear to us, her friends, a memory which is one more of the hallowing influences of Bridgewater.

Mr. George H. Martin of the Boston Board of Supervisors, for eighteen years a teacher in this school, was the next speaker. He said,

My thoughts on this occasion go back to my first visit to Bridgewater, when I came, a stranger and unannounced, to in-

quire about the Normal School. Mr. Boyden whom I came to see was away.

Mrs. Boyden received me most cordially, made me at home for the long day which I must spend in town, and gave me the information which I had come for. The impressions of her character made during that day have only been deepened by the lapse of years.

Most marked of all was her absorbing interest in this school and its work. She not only knew its history, but she had imbibed its spirit, and had devoted herself to its interests. This devotion never weakened. She anticipated every forward movement with satisfaction, entered unreservedly into every plan, familiarized herself with every detail of administration, and contributed of her own ample mental and moral resources to make this the best possible fitting school for teachers.

Her natural endowments for this work were great. On the intellectual side she was remarkably strong and clear in her thinking, and pronounced and firm in her judgments. Her moral instincts were unerring. She was active and interested in all the great social and religious movements of her generation, and was always on the side of progress.

She knew the trend of theology and politics. To the Sunday-school and missionary work of the church, to the anti-slavery and temperance movements in society, to the higher education of women she gave liberally of her sympathy and support.

In all these respects she seemed to me to be a typical New England woman. Quick, clear, discriminating in judgment, seeing the practical side of things, full of moral earnestness, impatient of cant and sham, these qualities have been the glory of New England women for generations, and have directly and indirectly given to New England its commanding influence in the nation.

But with all this wealth of character and power, her work was always distinctively woman's work. The work of building up this school was her husband's life work: it became hers because it was his. She was a mother and she studied for and with her children. Her work in the church and society was always along the lines set apart for women: and her hope for the women of the future was that they might be better fitted to do the work of women.

In our thought of those to whom our Alma Mater owes her eminence and her success, we shall give to Mrs. Boyden grateful tribute for her years of devoted service.

At the close of Mr. Martin's address the following hymn written for the occasion by Miss Mary H. Leonard was sung to the tune of Dennis, which was a favorite tune with Mrs. Boyden.

In words of Holy Writ,
From age to age hath stood,
Enrobed in honor, girt with strength,
The type of womanhood.
And in the world today
She reigneth still the same.
Whose heart her husband safely trusts,
Whose children bless her name.
Yet to the wider world
Her ministrations are,
As filled with wisdom and with love
Her counsels reach afar.
Thy works shall praise thee still,
Dear friend of many years,
The while our hearts their tribute bring
Of gratitude and tears.

The President then called upon Miss Isabelle S. Horne one of the Faculty of the school for the past twenty-one years, who gave her tribute of affectionate remembrance.

I am glad to add a few words in grateful, affectionate remembrance of her whose great heart had room for so many friends.

Among my first recollections of Bridgewater are those of her kind, thoughtful attentions to me, a stranger. She received me into her home and made me feel at once, that I was among friends.

Always approachable, never obtrusive, ready to listen to whatever I might bring to her, I soon learned to go to her freely, sure of a kindly interest, and a ready sympathy in my joys, and in my sorrows, and to rely upon the wise advice I never failed to receive from her.

Never to be forgotten, are the meetings held in her parlor, once a week, for many years, to read and discuss books, new and old, of which little coterie she was a most valued member. Independent in thought, of quick perception, and a native ability for keen reasoning, her mind grasped intuitively the salient points in an essay or in a character, and she often in a few words, made clear the key to the whole situation.

The members of this little circle, six in number, became very close friends. They learned to know each other more "~~thor-~~
thoroughly" than they could have done in most other circumstances. Twice has Death entered that circle of friends, binding even closer the tie between those left, to whom those evenings will never cease to be a delightful memory.

It was her nature to go out in helpfulness to others, and she identified herself with every good work. She was especially interested in the movement for home study, and conducted, by correspondence, the studies of several young women, who were striving under adverse circumstances, to gain an education. She directed by letter, their reading, answered puzzling questions that came in course of their study, helping them over hard places, and inspiring them to continued effort. Many delightful friendships were thus formed, broken only by her death. Some of these young people, she never met. One of them lived far away, on the Pacific coast. She called them her "adopted

children," and she took a genuine interest in all that came into their lives.

A true friend she was to them, and in many ways helped them to nobler, broader, richer living. The inspiring influence of her work with them will never die.

Sensitive to her surroundings, and with a delicate perception of the influence of the presence of others, she was strong in her intuitions, and keen to detect the true from the false, in the character of those with whom she came in contact.

Her religious faith was clear and strong. She knew in whom she believed. Jesus, the Christ, was to her a living presence, and she was never at a loss "to give a reason for the hope that was in her."

To me, she was the beloved elder sister, whose interest never fails, and to whose loss, neither time nor other friends ever wholly reconcile us.

Loyal to her friends, and tenacious of their love, friendships once formed seldom grew cold, and were broken more rarely.

Most fitting it is, that today, at the reunion of friends of the school which was so dear to her heart, and in whose prosperity she took so deep an interest, we should join in testifying our love and appreciation of her noble character. "Absent but not forgotten" her memory will never die so long as this school has a name to live.

Mrs. Alice Richards Allen formerly a teacher in this school brought her "offering of love" in these words:

I have been asked to say a few words to you and I cannot refuse to bring my offering of love to lay at the feet of her whom we honor today.

Mrs. Boyden has so long been a part of this our biennial gathering that we cannot yet realize that the loved presence is

a *memory only*. We seem even now to feel the warm pressure of her hand and to hear the glad welcome of her voice.

It is not mine to speak of her life in this community for many of you know it far better than I; nor of her sweet and hallowed influence in her home; but I would bring a personal tribute. It has been my privilege to number Mrs. Boyden among my best and truest friends for many years and I am glad to bear grateful testimony to the loving, sympathetic helpfulness of those years of friendship.

When a pupil in this school I learned to love and respect her, I felt that she took an interest in the individual members of the school. She gave us warm welcome. She opened her home to us that we might gather there and feel the pleasures of *home life*. When for a short time I dwelt under the same roof with her the *motherliness* of her warm heart was manifested and many a troubled, discouraged or homesick one she comforted. Afterward in a home of my own I valued her friendship. From her experience I gained wisdom; from her strong character I received strength; in sorrow her ready word of "tender sympathy" brought me comfort.

Just what influence she has had upon the many lives which have come in touch with her life none of us can tell for "who can measure the influence of a noble life," but I believe that *my* life has been better, my ideas and aims higher because of the inspiration received from her. What she has been to me she has been to hundreds of others. In the quiet fulfillment of her life's mission her influence has been far-reaching and enduring.

Today as we gather here we miss one and another of those who were a part of this life and whose lives have so entered into our lives. There is indeed "a loss in all familiar things," yet *blessed* is the *memory* of those who are gone. Miss Woodward and Mrs. Boyden will long be sweetly "remembered by what they have done."

The President said that when she was elected to the office she said to Mrs. Boyden "I shall call upon you to speak at the next meeting of the Association," Mrs. Boyden said, "No, you must not, my husband will speak for me, but there is one whom I wish you would call to speak, that is Mrs. Crosby." It seem peculiarly fitting that I should call today upon Mrs. Martha K. Crosby to respond to Mrs. Boyden's last request to me.

Mrs. Crosby, a graduate of this school, who was in former years an assistant of Mr. Boyden when he was principal of the English High school in Salem, responded in the following tribute:

As we have come together in previous years, at these biennial gatherings or the more frequent graduating exercises;—how sure we felt of a cordial welcome—not only from the corps of teachers with its honored head, but from one by his side whose radiantly lustrous eyes and expressive face, made the spoken word of slight moment to assure us of our home-coming!

And today shall we not *renew* the inspiration of those short hours of friendly communion with her?

When we enter this familiar room and look up at the faces of our revered teachers,—Tillinghast—Conant—Woodward—and receive their kindly greeting,—when we recall their noble, self-sacrificing lives, are not our hearts permeated with a spirit of tender remembrance, and do we not offer true memorial tribute to all who have been placed here to bring blessed wisdom and strength into our lives?

What did our friend Mrs. Boyden give to this school?

Her heart's deepest interest, her home life, her personal labors as far as health and strength permitted.

It was years ago, in the peaceful old city of Salem, that our acquaintance began, and for many pleasant months the quiet, well ordered home of our friends was mine also.

Herself a stranger in the land, a fellow-feeling of sympathy opened her heart and home to me, though by this kindness she added to her already heavy household labors.

Among the pictures of those far away days, comes to me with clear light, that of the family tea-table with two weary school-room toilers, receiving at the hands of a vivacious hostess, *daily bread* and daily cheer.

Her keen sense of humor found abundant food for merriment in the reports of boyish pranks perpetrated by lads just in the heyday of fun and activity—and the teacher's first judgment was usually much softened by the ludicrous aspect brought to view.

Another picture shows the devoted mother beside a cradle, with book or work, and I seem to hear the gentle lullaby that brought sweet satisfaction alike to babe and its music loving mother. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Her motherly hand upon the cradle nest, had hold as well upon the destiny of state and nation.

I recall the pathos of the bereaved mother bending in unspeakable sorrow over the empty nest and then with Christian fortitude and trust crowding back her own grief to make the sad father less conscious of the desolation of the home on his return from the distant family burial place.

Called from these scenes of comparative retirement, our friend's life moved on, steady, strong and true in aim and action; broadening and deepening into the full current of activity and power so well known to you who have lived near her here.

In our occasional interviews since her own family life was so merged in the greater Normal household, I have been impressed with her entire devotion to the success of this school and her womanly satisfaction and pride in the work of her husband and son here. It has been a school centreing about a family nucleus, of which our friend, though a less conspicuous component, was one of active potency.

She was a keen observer of current events; thoroughly alive to the great issues of the day, and her judgments of men and measures were based upon intelligent thought and investigation.

To me she was a lucid exponent of this school, with its varied interests and work, and there sometimes seemed little need to enter the classrooms for personal observation, after receiving, in the cosy corner-room of yonder building, her graphic summaries of work in the different departments.

Her opportunities here for mental growth were unusual, and how diligently they were improved! With what zest she listened to the presentation of new subjects! She seemed never to grow weary in the search for knowledge!

Not every mother would fill the teacher's place for her son, during the trying years of restless boyhood, (as did our friend) and also accompany him to the classrooms as fellow-student!

What a practical model lesson for instructors of youth!

When her natural and proper desire for a life more apart from the intense activity of Normal Hall had been realized, she introduced me with genuine pleasure to the comforts and conveniences of her own home, and especially to the garden plot where her enthusiastic love for flowers could find gratification.

We little thought how soon she would be called to abide in the "House not made with hands," and to enjoy the celestial gardens "Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens."

The President then introduced Mrs. Clara B. Beatley, one of the more recent graduates of the school, who spoke as follows, and at the close of her address read the following hymn which she had written for the occasion. The last four stanzas of the hymn were then sung to the tune Dedham.

When I was a pupil in the Bridgewater Normal School, I became strongly impressed with the wealth of privilege I was enjoying at the bounty of our State, and the sense of my indebtedness was ever with me. I looked forward to years of happy fulfilment of this debt, in the public schools of Massachusetts.

I remember that I was somewhat puzzled to know how those graduates could cancel their obligations, who taught only a brief period, and then left the school for the home.

Mr. Boyden said once, upon some public occasion, that he considered the founding of a home an equivalent service rendered to the state. Although Mr. Boyden was in the habit of speaking seriously, I confess that I treated this explanation as a bit of pleasantry, designed to make those graduates comfortable who had left their duty to the state unfulfilled.

But I realize, now, to the full, how mistaken I was in my judgment; I know that when Mr. Boyden assured those graduates who entered the home-life, that they were still paying their indebtedness to the state, he was speaking from the inspiration of his home-life. It is to the value of this home-life, and its influence in the school at Bridgewater, that I wish to pay tribute, today.

How beautiful is the thought of the Divine Protection, that cares for every child that comes into the world! A child awakens to the care of loving parents, and if, by any chance, the parents can not, or do not care for the child, then other hearts yearn for the homeless one, and provision is made for those years of infancy, on through childhood, to early manhood or womanhood, where guidance is so much needed.

Such an influence as this was in Normal Hall when I attended school at Bridgewater, and while I rejoice in those few precious years of home-life that Mr. and Mrs. Boyden were permitted to enjoy in their new home, I am also glad for those fruitful years of guidance they were able to give to the life in Normal Hall. It was the influence of a father and mother, extending beyond the limits of their own immediate family, to make a home-atmosphere for all.

This beautiful guidance which I received, in company with others, fills me with confidence in regard to the future lives of children everywhere. I see that protection is within the divine order, and as I recall the blessed influence of those Bridgewater days, I read with a new meaning the sweet promise of

old, knowing that it reaches from the greatest to even the least of these, His children: "And he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

The first speaker expressed the wish that the tributes to the memory of Mrs. Boyden might take the form of a statement of what each speaker had liked best in her.

I liked her wonderful sympathy, that extended into our lives after we had left the immediate influence of the school. The strong grasp of the hand, the animated face, the intent to listen to all the new interests that had come to us,—these were only the tokens of the sympathetic heart that could feel another's joy and woe. If one met her in the busy street of the city, or went to her in the midst of busy home-cares, she ever had the leisure for a friend.

I learned a lesson from her power of endurance, which bore her up through years of invalidism. If one met her unawares, the face sometimes showed traces of suffering, but in a moment, the weakness was conquered, the smile returned, and the courage and the hope came to the rescue, to win the victory. She has indeed shown to us that "endurance is the crowning quality."

And I liked her for her faith. As we look at the success that "Bridgewater" has won, and see the extended conveniences that have come as a result of the united faith and work of Mr. and Mrs. Boyden, the thought comes, that while the results are great, *greater* than the results, and above them, is the high faith that through all these years has held out, making results possible—the faith that has lived itself into the *lives* of so many young men and women, who have gone forth to strive after, and nobly to reach, untold results in the wide world about them. So I would pay tribute, today, to this higher, unseen life that has presided over the destiny of this Normal school at Bridgewater, through these many years of the united guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Boyden.

"'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way!"

As we look over the world, we may divide the people into two classes. There are those who seem to be living wholly in time; the rewards of time are the things sought for, and there seems to be no higher craving or happiness. And there are those "who live in time as though living in Eternity." Mrs. Boyden was pre-eminently of this class. While she enjoyed the gifts of time, she placed upon them their true value, making them subservient to the higher gifts of the spirit, which she craved and possessed in larger and larger measure as the years sped by.

To such a soul, the change from this earthly scene of life to the heavenly, must have been easy and natural. The atmosphere of the new life was already a familiar one, and we can well believe that she entered upon her new existence with the freedom and the joy of a child in the father's house, at home!

"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,"
Nor hath the power been given
To human heart, to comprehend
The mystery of heaven.
But unto them that love Thee, Lord,
Thy glory shall be shown,
When time is o'er, and "face to face,"
They "know" as they "are known."
She hath loved much, her daily life
An offering, full and free;
Her talents rich, she held in trust
For service, Lord, to Thee.
Sweet Faith was hers, no storm could move,
Fair Hope, forever sure;
And over all, Love's crowning grace
Which all things could endure.
O Father, calm the aching hearts,
In sorrow, trusting still!

Thy Hand it is that gives and takes :
Our spirits meet Thy will.
Sown, "Sown in weakness, raised in power,—
Our grief looks to her joy!
Her spirit lives! Her new-born powers
God's heavenly tasks employ.
"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,"
O wondrous promise given!
To conquer Death, to see Thy face,
And taste *with her* Thy Heaven.

Mr. A. G. Boyden said at the close, Friends: Permit me to express to you in behalf of my family and myself our grateful appreciation of these loving tributes, so tenderly given, to the memory of one so dear to us. The sympathy of friends is a precious gift, and the kindly expression of it is a great comfort. These loving tributes to the life and character of Mrs. Boyden will ever be gratefully remembered.

SIDE BY SIDE.

Side by side are we still, though a shadow
Between us doth fall ;
We are parted, and yet are not parted,
Not wholly and all.
For still you are round and about me,
Almost in my reach,
Though I miss the old pleasant communion
Of smile and of speech.

And I long to hear what you are seeing,
And what you have done
Since the earth faded out from your vision,
And the heavens begun ;
Since you dropped off the darkening fillet
Of clay from your sight,
And opened your eyes upon glory
Ineffably bright !

Though little my life has accomplished,
My poor hands have wrought,
I have lived what has seemed to be ages
In feeling and thought,
Since the time when our path grew so narrow
So near the unknown,
That I turned back from following after,
And you went on alone.

For we speak of you cheerfully, always,
As journeying on ;
Not as one who is dead do we name you ;
We say, you are gone.
For how could we speak of you sadly,
We, who watched while the grace
Of eternity's wonderful beauty
Grew over your face !

Do we call the star lost that is hidden
In the great light of morn?
Or fashion a shroud for the young child
In the day it is born?
Yet behold this were wise to their folly
Who mourn, sore distressed,
When a soul that is summoned, believing,
Enters into its rest!

—Phoebe Cary.



